

am very glad, indeed, for I want to marry her."

"Ah!" I said, "so that's it. Well, Jack, you have had an apostolate of your own certainly. I will be glad to help the lady in her search for truth; bring her to see me."

"It is all the work you began in your Catholic School, Father," said Jack humbly.

He brought the lady, and I found her an intelligent young person of about 28, able to hold her own in the matter of religion, but before whom a new vista had opened when she began to search for the "Hail Mary," in obedience to Jack's wish about the little girl.

There were many things to be explained to her, and she plodded along with great caution; but all the more was she earnest and sincere, and, once convinced, she was of the stuff that makes martyrs.

I need hardly say that she was finally baptized conditionally, made her first Holy Communion and in the end became Mrs. Jack West—and I married them.

Of course, Jack was soberly happy, and the Protestant parents of the bride were present at the ceremony, which was at mass, where both received Holy Communion.

They were greatly impressed at the dignity of the Sacrament so lightly considered in these days of easy divorce, and expressed themselves so.

Ere many days the mother called and begged to be placed under instruction, with her husband, who was somewhat of an invalid. And so the whole family became Catholics in time, and fervent converts they were.

"Whence came this grace?" I said to Jack one day when we talked it over.

"Father," he said earnestly, "I think it began at your Catholic School."

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And I think so, too.

How can a child's plastic mind be better directed to a noble and God-fearing life than by blending religion, day by day, with secular learning?

And what is to be expected of youth who never hear reli-